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BY
Daniel Clowes
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#19

EIGHTBALL



BEING YOUR KING INDIGENCE, INC. INTRODUCES --

DAVID BORING



NO. 1

25¢



THE YELLOW STREAK AND FRIENDS ANNUAL





H
ERE, BY SOME MIRACLE OF CIRCUMSTANCES, I WAS, NAKED, ABOUT TO HAVE SEXUAL INTERCOURSE WITH WHAT THE CONSENSUS OF THE DAY WOULD HAVE HELD AS A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

HER SKIN WAS SMOOTH AND ELASTIC, DAPPLED WITH GIRLISH YELLOW FUZZ. HER TRIM, ATHLETIC FIGURE WAS BLAH BLAH ETC ETC ...



SHE HAD RECENTLY BEEN ASKED TO MODEL FOR A SPORTSWEAR CATALOG AND WAS CONSIDERED 'VERY PROMISING' BY HER ACTING TEACHERS.



SHE WAS NOT DISPLEASED WITH MY THRUSTS (SHE BIT HER LIP AND MADE BREATHY NOISES) BUT I KNEW FROM THE START THAT I PROBABLY WOULDN'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE IF SHE WASN'T (AT LEAST) OVERWHELMED BY MY ENTHUSIASM.

I BELIEVE IN 'EXPERIENCING THE MOMENT' IN ITS PRESENT TENSE, WITHOUT DWELLING ON BYGONE ASSOCIATIONS OR A TRAGIC AFTERMATH...



A STORY IN
THREE ACTS
BY
DANIEL
CLOWES

RING



THIS IS DOT. WE LIVE HERE TOGETHER. SHE'S BROWNSHIRT MY AGE. SHE'S LOOKING AT THE SECRET SCRAPBOOK COMPILED BY YOUR NARRATOR IN HIS YOUTH.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT THAT MEMORIZED?

I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT THIS IN AGES!
...YOU REALLY ARE SUCH A REPULSIVE PERVERT, DAVID...

I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE IS YOUR FAVORITE...



IS IT HER?

NOPE...

THIS ONE...

REALLY?
BUT IT'S ONLY A DRAWING...

ARE YOU BEING SERIOUS?





NEXT TO OUR BUILDING IS A VACANT LOT FILLED WITH GARBAGE. IT BEGAN WITH A LAYER OF TYPICAL FLOTSAM (TIRES, SOFA, MATTRESS) BUT AS THE LEVEL CONTINUED TO RISE (THE FIRST FLOOR IS NEARLY SUBMERGED) DISCARDED OBJECTS SEEM MORE AND MORE TO HAVE BEEN LEFT FOR THEIR SYMBOLIC VALUE...



I GREW UP IN THE COUNTRY, IN MERRYVALE TOWNSHIP, WITH MY MOTHER (MY FATHER ESCAPED WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG - HIS WORKS WERE THEREAFTER FORBIDDEN, THOUGH I SAVED A FEW SECRET ISSUES). I WAS EDUCATED AT HOME UNTIL I WAS 14, AT WHICH TIME I WAS SENT TO THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL (GO HORNWILS) WHERE I BEFRIENDED WHITEY, A CYNICAL HANG-SEED WITH PRETENSIONS OF URBANITY WHO HAD BEEN THE SCHOOL PUNCHING BAG BEFORE MY ARRIVAL.

I SPENT MY SENIOR YEAR IN A SCHOOL FOR "SIFTED" CHILDREN IN LIVERBROOK, AT WHICH I DID POORLY BUT HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO MEET DOT, MY ONLY TRUE FRIEND IN THIS MISERABLE LIFE (SO FAR). WE MADE SUPER-B MOVES AND TALKED IN ENDLESS GYNECOLOGICAL DETAIL ABOUT THE GIRLS IN OUR CLASS (AND ONE PARTICULARLY BRALESS MATH TEACHER).



AFTER GRADUATION I DEVISED A PLAN TO ELIDE THE UNBASIC CLUTCHES OF MY MONSTROUS MOTHER BY MOVING TO THE CITY (WHERE I COULD BE CERTAIN SHE WOULD NEVER VISIT) WITH DOT (HER ARCH-RIVAL WHO SHE HAD ACTUALLY MET ONLY TWICE AND PRETENDED TO LIKE).

I HADN'T SEEN WHITEY IN A YEAR BUT HE CALLED OCCASIONALLY. THE LAST TIME WE SPOKE, IN A FAILED ATTEMPT TO COAX AN INVITATION, HE MENTIONED "A GREAT HOUSEWARMING GIFT" HE HAD FOR ME...



I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT WHITEY'S ENVIEABLE KNACK FOR IMPROVISATION. HIS STORIES WERE ALWAYS JUST PLIABLE ENOUGH TO WARD OFF ARGUMENT. ON THE WAY HOME HE EXPLAINED THAT HIS HEAD HAD BEEN SHAVED IN A BIZARRE HAZING RITUAL (HE HAD LIVED IN A RENTED ROOM IN THE ONE FRATERNITY HOUSE AT MERRYVALE BIBLE COLLEGE), THOUGH MORE LIKELY IT WAS SOME SORT OF OLD TESTAMENT REVENGE FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.







THE FACT IS, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN EMBARRASSED TO TALK TO GIRLS IN FRONT OF WHITEY. HE HAS A WAY OF MAKING YOU FEEL GIBBERISH IF YOU'RE NOT ATTRACTED TO HIS TYPE (GAUNT, FASHIONABLE AND DUMB). I'VE PURSUED SEVERAL WOMEN (THE "ACTRESS" IN SEC. 2, FOR EXAMPLE) BECAUSE I KNEW, ON SOME LEVEL, THAT WHITEY WOULD BE IMPRESSED.



I AM CURSED BY TWO THINGS: AN UN-SYMPATHETIC EYE FOR PERFECTION AND A BLOSSOMING KNOWLEDGE OF MY OWN FEMININE IDEAL, SPECIFICALLY: THE HEAD (ROUND EYES AND MOUTH, A JAWLINE AS TO THE NOSE BRIDGE), SMALLISH AND OVOID, LEADING WITH A PARTICULAR TILT TO AN EXTENDED NECK, SWEEPING OUTWARD AT THE SHOULDERS...

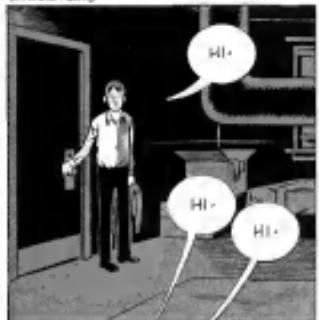
A SUBSTANTIAL CARRIAGE AND ARMS; SMALLISH ROUND BREASTS; A CONVEX STOMACH DIVIDING POWERFUL HIPS WHICH, FROM SIDE TO BACK, DESCRIBE A MEATY SEAM-CIRCLE; PROCEEDING DOWNWARD TO THICK, GIRLISH LEGS AND INSIGNIFICANT FEET.



IN SOME WAYS, I LONG FOR THE "OLD DAYS," WHEN FETISHES WERE APPLIED TO HANDKERCHIEFS AND PETTICOATS, RATHER THAN DIRECTLY TO FRAIL PHYSICAL FORMS THAT CAN NEVER LIVE UP TO THE EMBELLISHED PERFECTION OF OUR (WE PERVERSIVE) IDEALS.



BUT REALLY I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT
NOSTALGIC AND MY AESTHETICS ARE UP-
TO-DATE, WITH VARIOUS PRIVATE QUIRKS
A SPECIFIC HAIRSTYLE, AN INNOCENT
AFFECT AND AN INTANGIBLE X-QUALITY
THAT REACT IN COMBINATION WITH THE
TIMELESS ALLURE OF A CLASSICAL
STRUCTURE.



I MET WITH LT. ANEMONE OF THE OCEANA P.D. IN WHAT THE COPS ALL REFERRED TO AS THE "MINI-MORBIE." THE DENT IN WHITEY'S FOREHEAD LOOKED LIKE A GIANTIC THUMPRINT.

AS NEARLY AS WE CAN TELL, SOME BODY JUMPED HIM AFTER HE LEFT THE GIRL'S APARTMENT...



TODAY IS 3/27/98. I'VE GOT TO FLY TO GEYSERVILLE AND THEN TAKE A BUS TO MERRYVALE BY NOON. I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SAY IF THEY ASK ME TO SPEAK AT THE FUNERAL, BUT ANOTHER PASSENGER (A PROF FROM O.U.) KEEPS DISTRACTING ME... APPARENTLY THERE'S SOME BIG POLITICAL SITUATION GOING ON IN THE WORLD.





SUDDENLY, THE CLOUDS PART AND THE BIRDS BEGIN CHIRPING...



A PINK SPOTLIGHT LIGHTS HER FACE AS SHE COMES INTO FOCUS. ROMANTIC MUSIC BEGINS TO SWELL. BLOSSOMS BURST INTO BLOOM. CATERPILLARS EXPLODE INTO BUTTERFLIES...



THE MUSIC RECEDES MOMENTARILY FOR A PERFECTLY TIMED SOUND EFFECT, THEN, ADDING STRINGS AND ORGAN, RISES TO A FLORID CLIMAX...

FOR A MOMENT, ALL MOVEMENT CEASES AND THE SCENE IS ONE OF CRYSTALINE STILLNESS, SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLOW, MELODRAMATIC HEARTBEAT.



"PROFESSOR KARKEA HAS QUITE A REPUTATION, BUT I KNOW HIM ONLY IN PASSING--I'M IN THEOLOGY, YOU SEE. THEY KEEP US APART FROM THE REST OF THE FACULTY."

I AM UNABLE TO REPORT ACCURATELY
ON THE REST OF THE TRIP. MY WEARY
SYNAPSES PROCESS AND RECORD ONLY
A FEW GOLDEN FRAGMENTS.

AMONG THEM: A PERFECT SEMI-CIRCLE OF HAIR ABOVE HER UN-PIERCED EAR, THE RASPYING LILT OF HER TEENAGER'S VOICE, AND THE NAME ON HER LUGGAGE TAG: **WANDA EBBAL**



I ACTUALLY CONSIDER BUYING A TICKET ON HER FLIGHT AND PAYING OFF (OR KILLING) ANOTHER PASSENGER SO I CAN SIT NEXT TO HER, BUT, GOD KNOWS WHY, I STILL FEEL SOME SORT OF OBLIGATION TO WHITEY (WHO, IF HE WERE HERE, WOULD SAY, "PFF! SHE'S NO BIG DEAL...")

... AND EVEN THOUGH MR. WHITMAN,
DURING HIS SHORT LIFE, SAW FIT TO REJECT THE LORD'S
EMBRACE, WE CAN AND SHOULD PRAY THAT OUR GRACIOUS
SAVIOR WILL TAKE INTO ACCOUNT HIS CALLOW
INSOLENCE AND FIND A PLACE FOR HIM IN GOD'S
KINGDOM...

I AM HAPPY TO BE JOINED TODAY BY
MR. WHITMAN'S COUSIN, HIS STEP-BROTHER, AND
A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY...

WE SHOULD ALSO REMEMBER
HIS STEP-FATHER JACK, WHO HAS
GENEROUSLY AGREED TO PAY
FOR THIS FUNERAL...



ALTHOUGH, AS A CHILD,
WHITEY SHOWED GREAT
PROMISE, THIS LOW TURN-
OUT CERTAINLY DOESN'T
SPEAK WELL FOR HIS
ACCOMPLISHMENTS ON
THE MATERIAL PLANE...

I REMEMBER
YOU -- YOU USED
TO GO TO
HORTON, RIGHT?

YEAH, FOR A LITTLE
WHILE... DO YOU KNOW
WHEN THE BUS LEAVES
FOR GENEVAVILLE AIRPORT?

NOT
'TIL
FOUR...

IF YOU NEED
SOMETHING TO DO,
THEY GOT VIDEO
GAMES OVER AT
THE LAUNDROMAT.

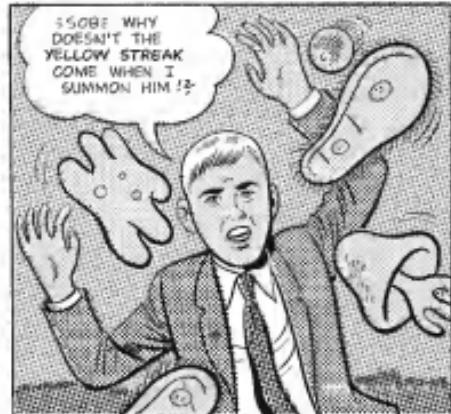


IN A WAY I WAS GLAD THAT WHITEY WAS DEAD; YOU CAN NEVER
REALLY TRUST SOMEONE WHO REMEMBERS EVERY EMBARRASSING
DETAIL OF YOUR ADOLESCENCE.



EVEN WORSE, THOUGH, IS TO IMAGINE
HIM UP ON A CLOUD SOMEWHERE
WATCHING EVERY LITTLE THING I DO.
I'M SURE I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END
OF IT WHEN I DIE.





THE INATE READER MAY HAVE NOTICED A CERTAIN RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN WANDA KRAML AND MY FAVORITE SCRAPBOOK GIRL. THEY ARE BOTH EXAMPLES OF THAT 'FEMININE IDEAL' I WAS TALKING ABOUT. -



THE GENEALOGY OF THIS INFATUATION CAN BE TRACED BACK TO THE SUMMER OF 1981, WHICH I SPENT PRACTICALLY ALONE WITH THEIR PROTOTYPE (MY PERFECT COUSIN, PAMELA).



IT'S BEEN 27 DAYS SINCE WHITEY WAS KILLED. AT THIS POINT, THEY'RE CALLING IT AN "ACT OF GOD." I GUESS...



I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE COPS IN A WEEK, WHICH IN A WAY IS GOOD, BECAUSE I WAS STARTING TO THINK THAT I WAS THEIR MAIN SUSPECT...



I GUESS MY "ALIBI" CHECKED OUT, WHICH IS SURPRISING SINCE I NEVER ONCE CALLED THE BLONDE AFTER THAT NIGHT...



I LOVE THAT I'M TALKING ABOUT
"BLONDES" AND "ALIBIS" ...

ACTUALLY, I LOATH ALL CRIMINALS,
VIOLENT THUGS, GUN-WIELDING
MORONS, ETC.



I MENTIONED BEFORE THAT DOT
AND I USED TO MAKE MOVIES. WE
WERE ACTUALLY PRETTY SERIOUS
ABOUT IT.



OUR BIG IDEA WAS TO MAKE A
PORNOGRAPHIC EPIC...



NOT JUST A RUN-OF-THE-MILL THING,
BUT A COMPLEX NARRATIVE, WHERE
THE SEX WAS A NATURAL PART OF THE
ACTION. I WAS GOING TO BE THE
MAIN STAR...



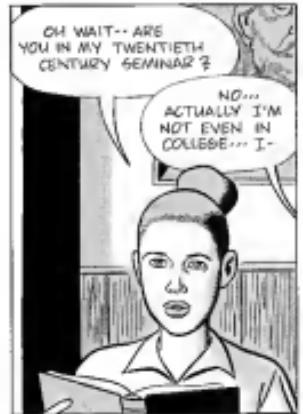
UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULD NEVER
COME UP WITH A GOOD STORY...





THREE DAYS LATER, WE HAVE THE FIRST REALLY WARM DAY OF THE SPRING. THE STREETS ARE QUIET AND A LOT OF BUSINESSES ARE CLOSED BECAUSE OF SOME OBSCURE REBUNDUS HOLIDAY, AND I AM BUOYED BY THE INNATE HUMAN CONFIDENCE THAT COMES WITH FAIR WEATHER ...





THIS IS PRACTICALLY THE ONLY PERFECT PLACE LEFT IN TOWN... I USED TO GO TO THE HICKORY HOUSE BUT IT'S JUST HORRIBLE NOW...

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO GEORGIE'S?

OH, THAT PLACE IS SO SMUG...

I HATE IT THERE!

ME TOO...

THIS PLACE IS SO WELL-MAINTAINED--IT'S LIKE A PERFECT MOVIE SET...

OF COURSE THERE'S ALWAYS SOME JERK LIKE THIS GUY, WHO LOSES UP EVERYTHING! THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN ALLOW PEOPLE LIKE THAT IN HERE!

I LIKE A GIRL WITH FASCISTIC TENDENCIES...

YOU'LL LOVE ME... I'M PRACTICALLY BENDICIDAL!

...I'M NOT EXACTLY CELEBRATING, BUT I DID GET RE-HIRED BY NETQUEST DOING PART-TIME DATA ENTRY...

AND OF COURSE HE'S AN EXPERT ON COMPUTERS. HOW PREDICTABLE...

I'M SO APPALLED THAT ANYONE WOULD WASTE THEIR LIFE SITTING IN FRONT OF A COMPUTER... COULD ANYTHING BE MORE GROTESQUE?

I WORK FOR DATAMAX.

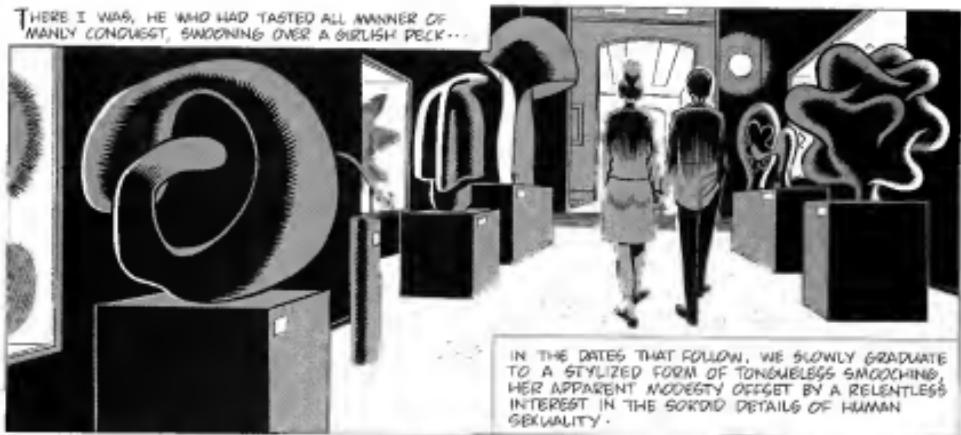
OH MY GOD, I'M REALLY SORRY...

DON'T WORRY... I'M ONLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

OH THANK GOD... FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS ALL WRONG ABOUT YOU!



THERE I WAS, HE WHO HAD TASTED ALL MANNER OF
MANLY CONQUEST, SNUCCING OVER A GIRLISH PECK...



IN THE DATES THAT FOLLOW, WE SLOWLY GRADUATE
TO A STYLIZED FORM OF TONGUELESS SNUCCING,
HER APPARENT MODESTY OFFSET BY A RELENTLESS
INTEREST IN THE SORDID DETAILS OF HUMAN
SEXUALITY.

TODAY IS MY TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY AND OUR SEVENTH OFFICIAL DATE.

EVERY MOMENT WITH HER HAS THE
TEXTURE OF HOLLYWOOD MELO-
DRAMA. I FIND MYSELF CAPABLE
AS NEVER BEFORE OF WITTY BAN-
TER AND RUGGED CHARM, AS
THOUGH SUDDENLY PROMOTED
FROM CHARACTER ACTOR TO
LEADING MAN.

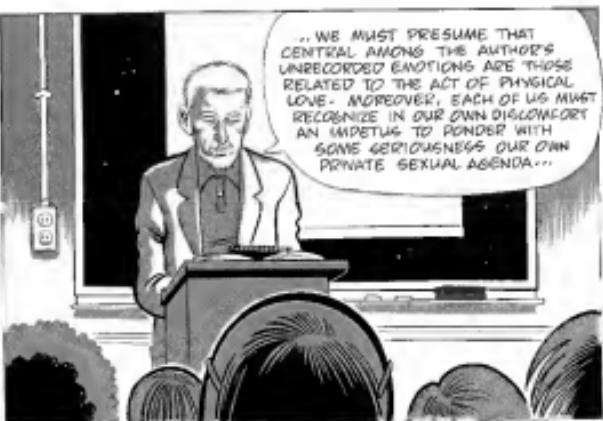


I AM IN LOVE, AND NEARLY OVER-
COME WITH LONGING. I HAVE
TAKEN TO CARRYING WHITNEY'S
LUCKY PENNY WITH ME ON EVERY
DATE.



.. WE MUST PRESUME THAT
CENTRAL AMONG THE AUTHOR'S
UNRECORDED EMOTIONS ARE THOSE
RELATED TO THE ACT OF PHYSICAL
LOVE. MOREOVER, EACH OF US MUST
RECOGNIZE IN OUR OWN DISCOMFORT
AN IMPETUS TO PONDER WITH
SOME SERIOUSNESS OUR OWN
PRIVATE SEXUAL AGENDA...

YOU WILL RECALL
ON PAGE 27 OF
THE BLUE HANDOUT
A POEM THAT
BEGINS:
"MY NAME IS
JIM TAYLOR,
MY COCK IS A
WHALER..."



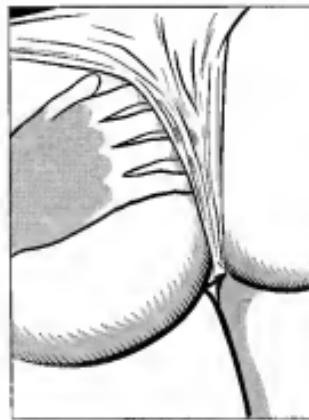




TODAY IS MAY 22, AND WE STILL HAVE YET TO GO BEYOND LIGHT PETTING. YESTERDAY, WHILE SHE WAS TAKING A NAP, I WHISPERED "PLEASE LET ME FCK YOU" AS A KIND OF SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I'M GOING INSANE.







YES, MY FRIENDS, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY REAL ; THE ACT HAVING TAKEN PLACE BETWEEN 3:30 AND 4:00 PM ON MEMORIAL DAY, 1998, DURING WHAT MY RECORDS INDICATE TO HAVE BEEN OUR 13TH DATE.

NO PRECAUTIONS OF ANY KIND WERE TAKEN AND UNFATHOMABLE HEIGHTS OF BOSTASY, ETC. WERE REACHED.





8 HE WAS CALLING ON THE FLIMSY PRETEXT THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN TO CALL HER ON MOTHER'S DAY AND, THEREFORE, SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT ME. I TOLD HER I'D CALL HER BACK (LIE). IT WAS UNDAMN HOW SHE KNEW TO CALL AT PRECISELY THE MOST MASCULINE MOMENT OF MY LIFE.







AT THIS MOMENT, I AM SO OVERCOME WITH PEAR THAT I ACTUALLY CONSIDER PRAYING, THOUGH I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO SAY, OR TO WHOM...



INSTEAD, I TURN TO THE POSSIBILITY OF SUICIDE. I ENVISION THE HEADLINES ("CORPSE FOUND BY BOTANY CLASS") AND WONDER IF I'D GET A BIGGER TURNOUT THAN WHITEY DID...







THIS IS THE WORST HEADACHE OF MY LIFE, AN UNBEARABLE KNOT OF PAIN ABOVE MY RIGHT EYE.

I CAN'T SLEEP OR EAT FOR TWO DAYS.



"IS IT AN ANEURISM? DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL AN AMBULANCE OR SOMETHING?"



I BANG MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO DRAIN THE MADDENING Torrent OF HALLUCINATIONS AND NAUSEA.



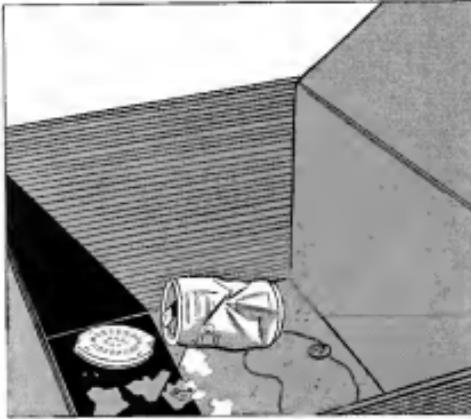
IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE TO DRAIN A Torrent, DOG ANYTHING I SAY MAKE SENSE?



SOMEBODY PLEASE KILL ME PLEASE KILL ME PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE KILL ME

(AGONIZED MOAN)





I GUESS SHE DECIDED TO KEEP AN SCRAPBOOK;
THAT WAS SOMETHING... AND AT LEAST MY
EMBARRASSING LOVE LETTER OF MAY 27
WASN'T IN THE BOX--!



LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE? THE POLICE HAVE LONG AGO STOPPED INVESTIGATING WHITEY'S DEATH... DOT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY DUMPED BY BINGER, I GUESS... I STILL HAVEN'T CALLED MY MOTHER BACK...





PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

EIGHTBALL

PARING OUR AUDIENCE TO A MANAGEABLE ELITE FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS

PREVIOUSLY IN EIGHTBALL

CLAY WENT ON A SERIES OF COMPLEX ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF HIS EX-WIFE, WHILE DAN PUSSY BECAME THE HOTTEST PENCILER IN COMICS BEFORE DYING IN A HURTING HOME. MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF PEOPLE WERE VICTIMIZED IN A FLIPPING MANNER, WHILE HOLY GOLG AND SUKI WERE LAUGHED. TUBERICK AND POGEYSBAT DISCOVERED WORMS LIVING BEHIND THEIR PINK, AND A YOUNG MAN WROTE TO US ABOUT HIS SEXUAL EXPERIENCES WITH A DOG. ENID AND REBECCA COMPLAINED A LOT AND EVENTUALLY DISINNOVATED THEIR FRIENDSHIP (INCIDENTIALLY, AFTER BEING RETIRED FROM STRATHMORE, ENID BRIEFLY CONSIDERED APPLYING TO BARNARD GESE, AND THE LESS PREDATORIOUS MORTILLA TECH). WHILE MAL ROSEN REACHED A CROSSROADS IN HIS CAREER AND EPPS DATED SEVERAL WOMEN AT ONCE. OFF THE PAGE, TIZUKA BATMAN LEAPED FROM A BRIDGE AND, AFTER A LENGTHY CONVALESCENCE, WAS BORN AGAIN.

DAVID BORING'S PEN-PALS

THIS MIGHT SOUNDS FAMILIAR. I GOT WHILE READING A moden CARTOONIST WAS THAT THEY THOUGHT THIS IS LIKE AIN RAND?

STEVE STERNIE
FARHO, MD

A FRIEND OF MINE WHO CLAIMED TO BE "IN THE KNOW" GAVE THAT THERE WILL BE NO MORE "GOMEREL GIRL AND CHADY PANTS" STORIES. I DON'T THINK IN FACT, THIS GUY IS REPORTING THAT THE NEXT THREE ISSUES WILL BE ONE LONG STORY, WITH NO POSSIBILITIES OF "GOMEREL GIRL AND CHADY PANTS"!

BILL WERNER
BROOKLYN, NY

I THOUGHT I'D QUAKE UP A RECENT LETTER IN CASE THE FIRST ONE DIDN'T GET PAST THE ASTHOMA. SO HERE IT IS. I SHOT YOU AFT IT, I MEAN, AS TALENTED AND ASKE AN ARTIST AS YOU WOULD ALSO BE CAPABLE OF DRAWING A SIMPLE LETTER ANYWAY.

I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE

THAT YOU WERE AWARE OF ME,

DANIEL FARMER, AN ACTING

STUDENT IN NEW YORK, AND

AN INTEREST AND ESTEEM FOR

YOUR WORK.

DANIEL FARMER
NEW YORK, NY

IN "BLACK KNIGHT" PAGE 28,
FRAME #2, THE SIGNS IN
THE BACKGROUND SPELL OUT

WRITE TO:
DANIEL FLOWERS
2140 SMATUCK AV, #2107
BERKELEY, CA 94704

SEND \$2 FOR AN UPDATED
ORIGINAL ART PRICE LIST

[WHEN OUT TOGETHER] "STRANGE,
AND THEN YOU HAVE THE WORD
"STRANGE" IN THE NEXT FRAME
CONFIDENTIAL? IF NOT, WHERE'S
YOUR POINT?

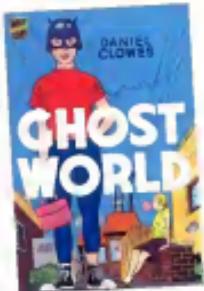
ROB BATEMAN
BRADLEY, FL

I'M REALLY AND FOR THE
WHOLE ENOUGH "TEDDY BOY"
SCENE AT THE STAIRS. I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO FIND A
PAIR OF ORIGINAL "STRANGE"
JEANS FOR AGES, WITH NO
LUCK. MAYBE YOU COULD DO
A SHOP WHERE LLOYD LUC
ELVIN BECOMES A "TERREY"

ERIC NELSON
SUNRISE, FL

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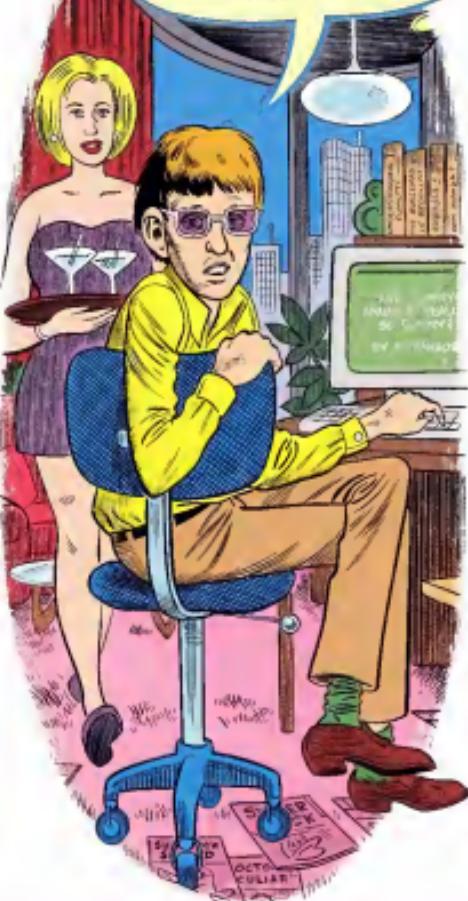


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and 15 are \$35 ea
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HARRY NAYLORS, COMIC BOOK CRITIC • MY JOB ISN'T JUST ABOUT STATUS, WEALTH AND FAME; LIKE ANY HIGH-STAKES CAREER, THE PRESSURE CAN KILL YOU! THAT'S WHY I TRY TO FOCUS ON THE LITTLE THINGS: LIKE THE SIMPLE JOY OF TRASHING AN ENTIRE CAREER IN ONE SWASH-BUCKLING SENTENCE, OR THE SURGE OF PRIDE WHEN DICTATING CONSUMER CHOICES TO THE OUTLESS MASSES, WHICH REMINDS ME: EIGHTBALL, AND EIGHTBALL-RELATED PRODUCTS (SEE LEFT)! PANEL-FOR-ANEL, THIS BEST VALUE IN COMICS!



SEND ME: (ALL PRICES POSTPAID)

GHOST WORLD SOFTCOVER HARDCOVER SIGNED HARDCOVER
 VELVET GLOVE SOFT HARD PUSSEY SOFT HARD
 GRAY BOUND LOUT RAMPAGE! #\$@!&! MANLY MAN
 EIGHTBALL # 1 2 4 6 7 8 10 11 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 1073 1074 1075 <input type